The Liberalist

Volume XXXVII SEPTEMBER, 1960 Number 6

PUBLISHED BY THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

PROGRESS

Let there be many windows to your soul,
That all the glory of the universe
May beautify it. Not the narrow pane
Of one poor creed can catch the radiant rays
That shine from countless sources. Tear away
The blinds of superstition; let the light
Pour through fair windows broad as Truth itself
And high as God.
Why should the spirit peer
Through some priest-curtained orifice, and grope
Along dim corridors of doubt, when all
The splendor from unfathomed seas of space
Might bathe it with the golden waves of Love?
Sweep up the debris of decaying faiths;
Sweep down the cobwebs of worn-out beliefs,
And throw your soul wide open to the light
Of Reason and of Knowledge. Tune your ear
To all the wordless music of the stars
And to the voice of Nature, and your heart
Shall turn to truth and goodness as the plant
Turns to the Sun. A thousand unseen hands
Reach down to help you to their peace-crowned heights,
And all the forces of the firmament
Shall fortify your strength. Be not afraid
To thrust aside half-truths and grasp the whole.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox

(From "The Best Loved Poems of the American People.")

OPENING SUNDAY

PEOPLES CHURCH

941 Lawrence Ave., at Sheridan Road

11:00 a.m. SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1960

Broadcast WLS

(Dr. Bradley returns to his pulpit from a summer abroad, preaching in England, Denmark and Ireland, and addressing a luncheon given him in the House of Commons, London, England.)

Dr. Bradley's subjects for September:

Sunday, Sept. 18—"REFLECTIONS ON EUROPE"

Sunday, Sept. 25—"DECISIONS AND DESTINY"

Dr. Bradley's TV and Radio Programs:

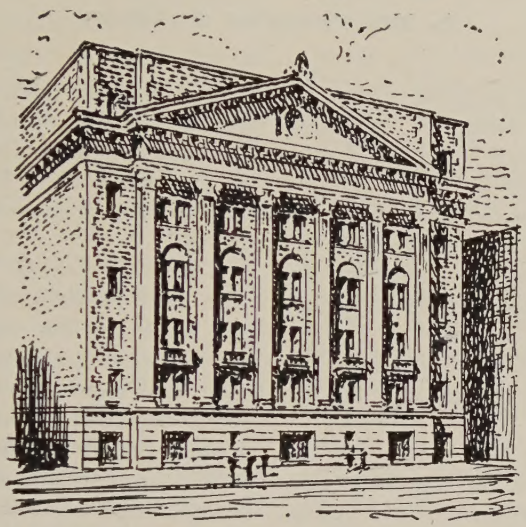
WBKB-TV, CHANNEL 7—7:55 a.m. daily, Monday through Friday

WLS—Every Sunday at 11 a.m., beginning with Opening Sunday, Sept. 18th, the morning service will be broadcast direct from the pulpit of the Peoples Church.

WCFL Radio Broadcast, Sundays, 5:45 p.m.

Peoples Church Counseling Service

8 So. Michigan Ave.—CE 6-3044



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

Dr. Bradley's Book

New Wealth For You—$1.00

Other Books by Dr. Bradley

Mastering Fear
Courage For Today
Power From Right Thinking
Life and You
Meditations
My Daily Strength
Happiness Through Creative Living

ALONG THE WAY

By DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

THIS article is being written on our way home, on the RMS "Mauretania." We are in mid-Atlantic, the dense fog of the last few hours has disappeared, the ship's siren has stopped its hoarse every-minute warning and the ship is quiet; the sky is blue and the ocean reflects its beauty in a deep turquoise color. The ocean is never without motion, the ship rides with rhythmic roll, pleasant and relaxing.

It seems but yesterday when my sister, Mrs. R. V. Judson, who lives in the home where we were both born in Linden, Michigan, and I left New York on the "Queen Mary." Miss Joanne Plett, of our church, and her cousin, Mrs. Mary Gadsby, came to the ship to wish us bon voyage, as did also Mr. William Froelich, formerly of Chicago, and now directing the Princeton University Campaign. The Rev. Dr. William Clyde Donald, who was in New York attending the Conference at the Union Seminary, came to say goodbye. We sailed from New York on the 29th of June (Jimmie's birthday). That day will long be remembered by my sister, for she was beginning her first ocean voyage. She has been an ideal travelling companion. One of the ways to discover the real character of a person is to share the experience of travel with them. She has demonstrated many times on our six weeks together the sterling quality of her heart and mind. Her reaction and powers of observation are indicative of her character. We have spent more time together on this trip than we have since I left my village home when a lad of sixteen and that was a long time ago. Most of the places we have visited were well known to me, but I recaptured many of my first impressions, while sharing her joy as she viewed them for the first time. It has been a memorable experience for me.

The ocean voyage to Southampton was most pleasant, although we did not have one day of sunshine. The ocean was kind and the passengers we met were most agreeable people. We sat at the Chief Engineer's table—Mr. Robert Johnston. There could be no better or more interesting host. As a reconteur he possesses most unusual ability. As a teller of interesting and humorous stories, I have never known his equal. At every meal he had something to tell which put the entire table in good humor. We were twice invited, with our table, to his cabin, where he was at his best. We were most fortunate in our table companions. This is always somewhat of a risk. It is not pleasant to share fifteen meals with uncongenial people, but in the many times I have been at sea I never had more interesting table friends. Each was an individual of importance and responsibility and widely traveled. This made every meal an event to which we looked forward with pleasant anticipation.

Mr. J. LeRoy of Brussels, Belgium, was vitally concerned about what was happening in the Congo, because of his financial interests there. He knows the Congo intimately and his comments on what was taking place there and what the future would bring made every meal an illuminating event.

Another interesting member at our table was Mr. D. Greenall of London,

England, who was connected with the world-famous Lloyds of London. He told us many interesting things about that great institution.

The social life of the table was assured in the charming and winsome personalities of Mr. and Mrs. George Hannah, Jr., of Leicestershire, England. There is always one who is "the life of the party," and Mr. Hannah was the one at our table. Widely travelled and conversant with world problems, he was always interesting.

The only other woman at our table besides my sister was Mrs. Julian P. Brown, the wife of Brig. General Brown of New York City, who was a cosmopolite and exceptionally interesting. Altogether we were a congenial group and parted at our last meal together, each hoping that an "ocean" friendship would deepen into deeper significance and that somewhere we might meet again. One never knows who will share the table on an ocean voyage, but we were unusually fortunate both in the eastward and westward passages.

Because of the late arrival in Southampton we concluded to remain there for the night and not take the steamer train to London. If we had, it would have meant arriving in London late at night. We went to the Polygon Hotel in Southampton for the night. It was plainly evident to me that Beulah was experiencing the never-to-be-forgotten feeling of being on foreign soil for the first time.

The next morning we left for London by car and were accompanied by an old friend—Mr. James B. Johnston, a retired chief engineer of the "Mauretania," with whom I have often travelled on that great ship. What an enjoyable ride it was. We stopped at Winchester Cathedral, where we visited the grave of Izaak Walton, and then on to London, stopping at Windsor Castle where, in St. George's Chapel we visited the tombs of King George V, Queen Mary, and the tomb of George VI. Windsor Castle is one of the most historic places in all England. Here is buried Henry VIII.

From here we drove into London and were soon comfortably located in the Strand Palace Hotel. This hotel is most centrally located and within walking distance of many of the historic places of the ancient city. I was anxious for Beulah to see everything and our days were busy indeed. We accomplished a great deal in the days we were in London, including an interesting ride on the historic Thames as far as Greenwich, the center of time service for the world.

We visited all of the restored historic Sir Christopher Wren churches of the Strand as well as the famous All Hallows Church, near the Tower of London. These churches were all bombed during the war and it has been a long, hard period of restoration. London is one of the most historic cities of the world and one could spend a lifetime there and not cover all of its historic past. Dr. Johnson one time said, "The man who is tired of London is tired of life." He was right.

The heart of our visit to London was the luncheon given to me in the House of Commons on the 13th of July by the Right Honorable Chuter Ede, former Home Secretary of Great Britain and present member of the House of Commons from South Shields. Many will recall the appearance of Mr. Ede in our pulpit at the Peoples Church when he gave one of the most vital addresses I have ever heard. He is a scholar, an educator, a great liberal, and a courageous person. Had the Labor Party remained in power he might well have become Prime Minis-

ter. I first met him in London some years ago, and my admiration for him has increased with the years. I was delighted when informed that he wished to be host at a luncheon given to me in the historic House of Commons. It was one of the high moments of my life and will always remain as one of life's greatest experiences. My sister was included as a guest, and I was proud to have her by my side.

It was a most distinguished list of guests, all present at the personal invitation of Mr. Ede. Representatives of the church, the state, and House of Lords were present, as were members and officers of the General Assembly of the Free Christian Churches, several clergymen, and members of Parliament. I am publishing a list of the guests, that you may know who they were:

Hector Hughes, Esq., Q.C., M.P. (Aberdeen, North); Rev. A. W. Vallance, B.A. (Altrincham), Ex-President, G.A.; Rev. R. W. Sorensen, M.P. (Leyton); Rev. Dr. R. D. Pierce, Ph.D., Emerson College, U.S.A.; Miss C. Ellen Ede; The Rt. Hon. Lord Pethick-Lawrence, P.C.; Captain A. L. Blake, President, General Assembly; Rev. Llywelyn Williams, B.A., M.P. (Albertillery); Rev. F. Kenworthy, M.A., B.D., Principal, Manchester College; Rev. John Kielty, B.A., Secretary, General Assembly; Rev. H. S. Carter, M.A. (Cambridge, Vice-President, I.A.R.F.); Mrs. H. Slater, M.P. (Stoke-on-Trent, North); Dr. Dorothy Tarrant, Past President, General Assembly; Rev. Dr. Preston Bradley, D.C.L., LL.D., D.D., Peoples Church, Chicago; The Rt. Hon. J. Chuter Ede, C.H., M.P. (South Shields); Mrs. Russell V. Judson, Linden, Michigan; Rev. Dr. Mortimer Rowe, B.A., D.D., Secretary B.&F.U.A., Inc.; Col. G. E. G. Wigg, M.P. (Dudley); C. H. Pollard, Esq., Honorary Treasurer, General Assembly; and H. B. Moore, Esq.

After a very enjoyable luncheon, Mr. Ede arose and proposed the toasts—one to the Queen and the other to the President of the United States, and then in a most unusual introductory address introduced me. I arose with some "fear and trembling." I wanted to do my best, which was difficult under the circumstances. I tried to express the depth of my appreciation for the honor which had been given me. I tried to bring encouraging words concerning liberal religion in the United States. I did the best I could and was graciously received. Several times during my address I was greeted by the spoken words "Hear, hear," coming from those who were showing agreement with my words in the traditional British manner. I was greeted with grateful applause at the conclusion of my address and the luncheon was over. Most of the guests greeted me after the luncheon with encouraging and appreciative comments. The British are never effulgent or gushing and this occasion was no exception, but in spite of my own feeling of not being at my best they made me feel my efforts were appreciated. I can never express the full feeling of my heart at the kindness of Mr. Ede, or the depth of my gratitude for his friendship. He is one of the great men of this generation. We were honored in meeting his gracious sister, Miss C. Ellen Ede, who accompanied me to the luncheon. Beulah and she became friends immediately, and will keep up correspondence between Linden and London.

After the luncheon Mr. Ede took us on a personally conducted tour of the House of Commons. We witnessed the impressive ceremonial which precedes the opening of the House of Commons, the mace-bearer carrying the historic

and traditional emblem of authority, preceding the Speaker of the House, garbed with robe and powdered wig.

Mr. Ede is acknowledged to be the best informed member of Commons on the history of the House of Commons, knowing the history of the many documents, memorials and historical objects which are everywhere about the buildings. Standing by his side on the terrace overlooking the ancient Thames River, I shall never forget the indignation in his voice as he pointed across the river to the new "skyscraper" which an oil company is erecting and which will mar the skyline of the London centuries: "Men call it progress! I wonder. I see London changing from year to year. Something will be lost which can never be retrieved."

Our next engagement was in Copenhagen, Denmark. We went by train to Harwich, by boat across the North Sea to Esberg, and by train across the beautiful countryside to Copenhagen where, after a night and day journey we were comfortably housed in the old but comfortable Angleterre Hotel. We were met at the station by the Rev. Thorvald Kierkegaard, one of the saintliest and finest persons I have ever known. Now over eighty, he carries on his work with all of the enthusiasm and effectiveness of a man twenty years his junior. For more than fifty years he has served the only liberal congregation in all Scandinavia. He is honored and loved by all people and has a reputation for spiritual and educational leadership throughout Denmark. His face reveals the serenity of his thinking and the nobility of his life. His companion of the years—a devoted and co-operative wife—has been by his side to comfort and strengthen him during the years. Their lovely daughter is a teacher in Copenhagen and spends her vacation periods in travelling about the world on missions of help and goodwill. We did not see her on this trip as she was attending a conference in Cambridge.

Pastor Kierkegaard has been in Chicago and has visited our church during the International Conference on Liberal Religion held at the University of Chicago last year. I know of no man in the liberal ministry anywhere in the world who is doing a more effective work. My friendship with him is one of the most precious of my life, and I shall meet him as often as I can. His presence is a benediction; to know him is a spiritual uplift. He has written many poems of enduring quality and many of the hymns used in his church are the products of his pen and heart.

The morning after the Sunday I preached for him this year he brought me a poem which he said he wrote during the night, which was inspired by my Sunday morning sermon. I hope to pass it on to you in the Liberalist soon.

With my technique in preaching it is very difficult to speak with an interpreter. I preached the sermon and then Pastor Kierkegaard, whose English is unusually good, gave the congregation the gist of my sermon in Danish. Later, members of the congregation told me his interpretation was identical with my presentation.

I was delighted to find in the congregation, Mr. and Mrs. Carl Johnson, of our church in Chicago. They are spending the summer in Denmark and Scandinavia. Mrs. Johnson, who understands Danish, told me what an unusually brilliant interpretation Pastor Kierkegaard gave of the sermon. Later Mr. and Mrs. Johnson drove us to Elsinore Castle, the source of Shakespeare's great play "Hamlet." It was pleasant to meet them and we look forward to seeing them in Chicago.

Denmark is one of my favorite coun-

tries and some of my dearest friends are Danish. The memory of my friendship with the late Sir Peter Reisenhus, and his wife Tillie, is always an undying memory. The Jensen family of our church is another Danish tie.

Reluctantly and sadly we had to leave Denmark for France. Because this was my sister's first trip to Europe I thought she should visit the Continent if only for a short visit. Paris has a lure for every woman and I thought she would enjoy a few days there.

We went by sea and rail from Copenhagen—an interesting day and night ride. One of the most comfortable, central and quiet hotels in Paris is the Hotel Napoleon, near the Arc de Triomphe. Here we went on arrival, and immediately improved every moment by seeing the things one ought to see in Paris. We saw most of them. The Rev. George Grieve, our old friend from London, was in Paris and met us at the train. He is familiar with Paris and under his guidance we embraced every opportunity. The Louvre, with its Mona Lisa and Winged Victory, the Pantheon, the Eiffel Tower, the Bateau Mouche, the River Seine trip, the Place de l'Opera, the Arc de Triomphe, and dinner at the famous Mare de Catherine Restaurant, near Sacre Coeur in Montmartre—all exciting, all historical, all Paris!

Paris is not one of my favorite cities, but is beautiful and bathed in history. We spent an evening in St. Germaine amid the exciting throngs of students, artists, musicians, and Parisians—all interesting, all exciting, all restless, all rather frightening. My sister was thrilled with it all, and I shared with her the vividness of her reactions. The weather was ideal, bright sunshine, but no oppressive heat. The weather so far has been wretched. It has rained every day and we have had very little sunshine.

My space is running out and I must stop. The "Mauretania" is settling down for the night. We will have a sunset tonight—our first on this homeward trip. This evening the gala dinner is held aboard ship, and everyone will wear a funny paper hat and blow a paper horn. It is like a New Year's Eve at home. The sea is calm and I am looking forward to a good night's rest. I will continue these rambling notes on our summer next month and will tell you about an experience in Ireland.

* * *

Although I am writing these words at sea on the 10th of August, my throughts are all centered about our opening service Sunday morning at 11 o'clock, on the 18th of September. It will be the beginning of my 49th year in our pulpit. Since our closing Sunday last June I have never missed a Sunday in a church or a service aboard ship. At every one I have thought of our church at home, its members, its friends, and our radio listeners. It is my heart and my life and will be until my last breath. I hope for an inspiring opening sermon. Please plan to be present. Our fine chorus choir with the Bennetts will bring us the music. Station WLS will broadcast the service, and I shall preach on "Reflections on Europe." The next Sunday, the 25th of September, I shall speak on "Decisions and Destiny."

This will be an important year for our world, our Nation and our Church. Let us all begin the year together with a new dedication to the work of our Church. Our Church is needed more than ever. The world is in turmoil. Uncertainty prevails and we seek for "the things which cannot be shaken." We must be steady in an unsteady world.

We must work together and do all we can to bring strength and courage to our fellow men. I am returning strengthened in body, mind and heart. I pray you will continue the support, attendance and spirit you have always extended and that this year will be our banner year together.

I hope to see you "face to face" Sunday morning, the 18th of September, at 11 o'clock.

"Keep looking up."

The Study,
"Arden," at Lake Vermilion,
20th August, 1960.

My birthday was celebrated here at Black Duck Island on August 18th. It was a very happy day, with friends from many locations around Lake Vermilion stopping in to bring me their greetings. I take this opportunity to thank my many, many friends for their kind remembrances. It made the day a very joyous one, and I want you to know how very much I appreciate your thoughtfulness.

Your friend and pastor,
PRESTON BRADLEY.

"YOUTH WANTS TO KNOW"

Sermon by DR. PRESTON BRADLEY
Pastor of the Peoples Church of Chicago
Youth Sunday
JUNE 5, 1960

IT does seem to me in this world of conflict and confusion, criticism and misunderstanding that if more of us of the mature and adult world would think of ourselves as bridge builders rather than condemning critics we would accomplish much more with our problems. For the past ten days—and it will continue for several more—I have been facing nightly all over, young people in the graduating classes. Last Monday evening down in Mississippi, I was giving the commencement address for the great Piney Woods School of which Professor Lawrence Jones is the principal and I saw hundreds of young men and women trying to lay the foundation for an effective, contributing life to the solution of the world's problems. The other night in that great high school in Greensburg, Indiana, I saw four hundred members of the graduating class. The finest young people I have ever seen walked down the aisles of that great auditorium for their commencement. And this happens night after night.

All I'm trying to do is to build bridges. I have crossed mine! And I am more interested now in building bridges for the tremendously challenged youth of our world. It never was as difficult to be young as it is today, never. The skids are all greased, and it never was more difficult for any young person to go straight and clean and make something of life than it is today. It's so easy to slide the other way. The feeling that comes to my soul repeatedly as I have these experiences with the youth in these colleges and high schools of our land is one of admiration. I am not

(*Continued on page* 11)

The Liberalist

FREEDOM—FELLOWSHIP—CHARACTER

PRESTON BRADLEY, LL.D., D.D. ..... Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY ..... In Memoriam
ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY ..... Assistant to the Editor
MAY H. HARRISON ..... Business Manager

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR — TWENTY CENTS A COPY

Published on the First Day of the Month

Address All Communications to

THE LIBERALIST—941 LAWRENCE AVE., CHICAGO 40, ILL.

We assume no responsibility for unsolicited manuscripts, articles or poems.

EDITORIAL

TRUE prayer, to me, is not asking God to be my errand runner, nor is it asking for specific grants or gifts. It is, rather, putting myself into communion with the most high. It is putting myself into a listening attitude—a receptive attitude—so that the voice of God can come through to me.

Prayer is a two-way communication. Not only are we asking for the ears of God to hear us, but we should be waiting to hear the voice of God for us. That is the great power and strength of silent prayer — listening for God's guidance.

Throughout my life I have had a great many problems to meet. Life has not been easy for me. At a time when the problems seemed almost insurmountable, I put my belief in the power of God's guidance to the supreme test by asking God to show me the way. Then I did not dash about in a hectic manner, trying this or that solution, but at each step of the way I looked deep into my heart and conscience for the right step and waited on God for guidance. And little by little the way opened up and light would come.

When we want our own way and pray for God to make it come out our own way, we may wonder why God isn't answering our prayer. But when we subdue our human will to the will of God, He will answer our prayer for direction and show us the way. This I have proved over and over again, all my life long.

To pray aright is to listen for God's divine guidance.

* * *

I am praying for God's guidance in this coming church season—my 49th year in the Peoples Church. Won't you pray for it, too; and let us all put our shoulders back, take a deep, deep breath, put our chins up, and greet this 49th Season with all the power and potential of our personalities! Then we will go forward with true courage, knowing that with Divine guidance we cannot fail.

(*Continued from page 9*)

surprised that they are as bad as they are; what does surprise me is that they are as good as they are with the environment which society has created for them. That is amazing to me; and they are good.

Two things I think a young man and woman need: First, a sense of direction. To come to terms with a world that is not going to wait for them. When I came out of school, you could teach school for two or three years, go back into college and go two years, go out again and teach two, go back into college in order to get your education and go on. And if you got under way at thirty you were doing rather well. That time has passed! The world isn't going to wait for you to fritter away life and squander it. It's going to challenge you earlier than my generation was challenged. You haven't time; we had, but not you. So it's a sense of direction that youth needs. Ask yourself the question, "Where am I going? What will this lead to in my life? What will be the result? Get a sense of direction. That will help tremendously.

The other thing is: Don't be afraid to express your protests. The youth of the world today in every country are on the march. In every country—Africa, India, Japan, Korea—they're changing the governments of the earth. The youth are! And they're expressing themselves everywhere. Sometimes they're right, sometimes they're wrong. I think they were wrong in Japan, but I think they're right in Korea and Turkey. They're right! So do not be afraid of the protest; stand up and be counted. You're going to pay the highest penalty if the statesmen and diplomats of the world fail. You will pay first and you will pay most. You will; you youth of the world. And I am one who is convinced that you have a right, a perfect right to stand up and express yourselves about what a war will be over; why it will come. You've got a right to do something about that. You are not fodder. You are personalities; you are souls; you are individuals; and I admire you when you stand up and say to the world, "Here I stand." For you were created for dignity, for greatness, for beauty. You were created for a purpose, not for some maniac and psychotic personality in the world to abuse and tread under foot every ideal of your own culture. You were made for greatness. Express that all the way along.

I wish I were twenty again; I wish I could recapture my youth. In a world just like this I think I would be unafraid to stand for truth and goodness and dignity, and if we will, we shall all find our way back again to greatness and to peace.

* * *

Infinite Spirit of Love, we ask Thy benediction, Thy encouragement upon the youth of our land and upon the youth of our world. They're so precious, they have no past, they only have tomorrow, tomorrow. Oh, give them vision to see that tomorrow.

THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION OPENS ON SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 18th

(The Board of Trustees has appointed the Rev. Ruth Ann Bassler as Minister of Education in the Peoples Church.)

"TRAIN up a child in the way he should go: and when he is old, he will not depart from it" (Proverbs 22:6).

The spiritual nurture of our children is a cooperative venture between teachers, pupils, parents and the entire Church. The issues at stake are very great. One hour a week in Sunday school, when a good foundation has been laid in the home, can go far toward building in the young those qualities of sound moral character, high purpose, reverence, and inspired judgment which are the basic requirements for noble living.

True, children often evidence a native capacity for grasping religious truths without much outside help, as if by intuition. Yet, it must be remembered, that it is not enough for a child to have an *unreflective* faith. If his convictions are to carry over into maturity, he must know the blessing of an *informed* faith. It can be simplified to suit his tender age, but it must be capable of infinite expansion as he begins to ask questions which require definite and clear answers that are crucial. At no time should a child's mind be forced to conclusions which are not his own, but every attempt ought to be made to lead him gently over ever new frontiers of knowledge until he comes to appreciate the fact that every experience of life is a revelation of God.

In a liberal church such as ours, we are not concerned to teach set creeds, outworn doctrines or purely denominational beliefs. Still we feel that all youngsters have a right to their heritage of the larger aspects of Jewish and Christian traditions, mediated to them through the careful study and devotional reading of the Holy Scriptures. For this reason the program of our Church School is biblically oriented and centered around the personality and love of Jesus. At the same time it must deal with contemporary situations, present-day heroes and heroines; it must be deeply personal, assisting each child to face and conquer his everyday problems.

To this end we are prepared this fall to offer a revised curriculum of study for the children and are now in the process of securing qualified teachers who, with your support, will be responsible for its success.

Children through all ages through high school will report at 10 a.m. Boys and girls too young for the church service also will receive instruction in the course of their "busy work" and recreation between 11 and 12 Sunday mornings.

Rev. Ruth Ann Bassler, B.D., M.A.
Minister of Education

THE FRANK BENNETTS TO BE HONORED AT CHICAGOLAND MUSIC FESTIVAL

MANY from the Peoples Church will be attending the Chicagoland Music Festival. The special interest of our members this year is centered in the honoring of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bennett, our Musical Director and Organist. This is the first time a couple has been honored at the festival. The Bennetts have worked with the Chicagoland Festival for thirty-one consecutive years, giving of their time, energy and talent.

The choruses of both Frank and Cathryn Bennett have won first place many times in the contest which is held prior to the Festival, when choruses from all over the mid-West take part.

On the night of the Festival, Mr. Bennett directs the community singing of the vast audience, which at times has numbered 90,000 people.

In time for this happy occasion Cathryn Bennett has had published what she calls "a philosophical trip down memory lane." The book is an anthology gathered over many years by Mrs. Bennett, of songs, poems and philosophy, and takes its title, "Take Time to Live," from a solo, the words and music both by Cathryn Bennett and inspired by a sermon of Dr. Bradley's. The anthology sells for $3 and can be purchased from Mrs. Bennett.

One had only to be present at the delightful show of the Men's Club of our Church, given on June 7th last, to recognize the great capacity for work, and the versatility of Cathryn Bennett. "The Circus Comes to Town," presented by the Men's Club, was written and produced by Mrs. Bennett, and drew the largest attendance of any club's activity during the entire year. The audience and the cast had a wonderful evening of rare good fun—and the club made a good profit, too.

Our hats are off to both Frank and Cathryn Bennett for their devotion to the church and their allegiance and help given to all the church's activities. We are happy they are to be honored by the Chicagoland Music Festival and many of our members will be in the audience on Saturday night, August 20th, to cheer for them.

EXHIBITS AT THE PUBLIC LIBRARY IN SEPTEMBER

CATS, dogs, owls, frogs and other whimsies by David Laughlin, of Park Ridge, are among his collection of delightful ceramics. Originally a painter, he wanted his art to smile back at others, so he loves to poke fun and has established a reputation for fine craftsmanship and a light and humorous touch.

Oil paintings of Herbert L. Davidson, of Chicago, in the Art Department.

A display of food and equipment being used for World Book's Scientific Expedition to the Himalayas, led by Sir Edmund Hillary.

"WHO'S AFRAID?"

Sermon by DR. PRESTON BRADLEY
Pastor of the Peoples Church of Chicago

JUNE 12, 1960

IT had been raining. A father and his little boy drove into a filling station to fill up with gas, and while the attendant was filling the tank with gas the little boy looked down at a puddle of water from the car that had accumulated near the fuel pump, and the oil had seeped down in the water, and on the top of the little puddle of water were iridescent beautiful colors. You know how oil will rise to the top of water and make beautiful colors? And the little boy looked at that for a moment and he turned to his father and he said, "Look, Dad, somebody smashed a rainbow!"

We're living in an hour of smashed rainbows! Man with his dreams, and hopes, his ideals, down through the centuries as he has indicated in his art, in his poetry, his songs, sculpture, painting, music. You remember that Beethoven composed music which no instrument could play and they had to build an instrument later in order to play the creation of Mendelssohn. And all through these centuries—all of them —man has proven that he has dreams and ideals; that he has been falling toward the stars. It's the only fall man has ever made — falling toward the stars. And straight down through all the centuries, in every dark foreboding moment of human history power and force and noise have tried to obliterate the sensitive soul of man. The ghastly power of Genghis Khan held all of Asia in his hands at one time in history. Edward Gibbon tells us in the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," that the Roman octupus reached out and seized the known civilizations of the world. Two of those nations will never be forgotten! The first, Phoenicia, for she gave the world letters. The next, Palestine, for she gave the world a religion. And all of the Napoleons, all of the Caesars, all of the tyrants, all of the dictators, all of the Hitlers—big and little—and we have many little Hitlers today; all of the Mussolinis—big and little; all of the Francos, the Stalins, the Khrushchevs, all these who seek to destroy the human personality and impeach the dignity of man, every one of them, are working against the inevitable annihilation of human history, every one of them. And in this hour most of the world is frightened; people hear a strange noise in the night and they wonder what it is; a whistle goes through the sky and we're aroused, and we wonder if it's the beginning of the end; everyone seems to be trying to retain the security of that which is already possessed, that no disturbance may come to interfere with that basic security.

Frightened, frightened world, why don't you read history? Why this ephemeral and superficial fear that the eternal principle of creativeness which is extant in the universe that men call God has abrogated or resigned or retired? The same creative principles still survive that inspired the hand of Phidias to chisel a piece of cold marble and make it breathe with life. Stand in the City of Florence as I have in one of the great galleries of the world and you will see bits of cold marble, that as you stand and look at them seem to breathe with life. Every note of eternal music, every heart throb of poetry, every sacrificial life proves that evil can't win; that evil nations can't

win. There is no permanent victory for evil.

You as an individual, a nation as a nation, cannot survive and be wrong. You and I must be right in this world or we can't survive. There is always a day of judgment. No institution, no individual, no nation will ever escape that day of judgment. It happens every hour, in every day of time. That is the kind of world we're in. And no one need ever be afraid of that kind of world who has a basic confidence and a deep faith in the eternal rectitude of God. That's the anchor for this hour. Not in the fact that eternal safety can come from one personality; not that one nation is going to master the instruments of destruction to the extent that they can annihilate every other nation in the world. Where did you get such a philosophy as that?

Where have we been that our hearts should beat with fear at the activities of a materialistic, mechanistic, atheistic philosophy in the world? They can't win! Who's afraid with that kind of a faith? I'm not! You ought not to be. If there should be one message sounding from the Christian pulpits of the land, Catholic and Protestant of every faith and every denomination, it should be a message bringing to the attention of mankind everywhere the eternal processes of human liberties; that the sacredness of the human personality is the most important thing in the world, maintaining individual dignity. We would be wounded to our depths if thirty thousand, four hundred thousand, a half a million of us would be slain. That's nothing to the materialism of China! "Kill a half a million Chinese. What of it? They don't matter. Kill a million Russians. What of it? They don't matter." They do matter! For the most Godlike thing in the world is the human personality. Do you doubt that? Listen to these words: "He created man in His own image." Man is the image of God! And therefore my deep and abiding faith in this ghastly uncertain hour was never stronger.

I wish I were twenty five again! I wish I were coming into this pulpit for the first time again just in a world like this. I would not breathe one word of despair. I would not falter one hour in my supreme and abiding faith that man was created for a great purpose and God will never rest until he achieves that purpose. So who's afraid of the big bad bear? So who is afraid of the bamboo curtain or the iron curtain? There is a more beautiful curtain and a more permanent curtain: the curtain of divine purpose, and no nation will ever ring down that curtain. Believe that, it will keep you from being afraid.

The great wall of China that ran around China was an impregnable wall, a solid wall, a protecting wall, a wall of security, and the only three times that wall was ever invaded was not because the wall failed, it was invaded because the keepers of the gates could be bought. That was the failure. Honor, integrity, courage! And with the poet Browning, "Greet the unseen with a cheer."

FUNERALS

July 8—Mr. Frederick A. Chramer
July 14—Mrs. Frederika Van Engers
August 27—Mr. Charles T. Randall
August 29—Mrs. John Neu

WEDDINGS

July 17—Mary E. Marshall and James P. Campbell
August 6—Elizabeth Ann Eggleston and Josef Rotter
August 27—Eleanore A. Bieszczad and Henry E. Braun

WE ARE HONORED TRUSTEES

EVERYONE living today is the honored trustee of the ceaseless struggle, unmeasured sacrifice and unrequited effort of life made in its upward climb during all the milleniums gone by. The life which throbs in us is the same life that incarnated itself in the lowliest forms of an ancient day. We are, therefore, something infinitely more than individuals who began at a certain moment and who will end at another prescribed moment. Indeed, we are the soul and body of humanity, focused, concentrated and condensed into a brief span of time and matter. Verily, we are the distilled quintessence of the universal past!

And yet we are more: here in this mind and body of ours slumbers all of the future that is eternity. Truly, we are eternity! Gods are we who can determine whether there will be a future, radiant with hope or black with despair. Episodes are we in an experience greater than ourselves. If we pursue merely selfish, individual ends, we are incidental and without importance. But when we realize ourselves as coworkers with Eternal Life, we discover the infinite greatness of our apparent insignificance, and feel the thrust of a dynamic motive for creative living.

W. Waldemar W. Argow

The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY

WHEN one has just returned from visiting five foreign countries, including one seven-day tour in Ireland; twelve days in the Fjords of Norway; a four-day tour of the Fairy Tale land of Hans Christian Anderson in Denmark; two days in Dublin; two in Belfast; a day in Glasgow; four days in Edinburgh; two days in Bergen and three in Oslo, Norway; four days in Stockholm, Sweden; and four and a half days in Copenhagen, Denmark; then flying to London, then to Shannon Airport and across the Atlantic to Detroit, Michigan; by bus to Flint, Michigan, to be picked up the next morning by Dr. Bradley's niece and brought to her home; from there to the little white church at Linden, to hear Dr. Bradley preach the Centennial address of that little church which he attended as a boy—well, when one has done all this inside of fifty-one days, continually visiting town halls, castles, famous landmarks of the centuries; has stayed in eighteen different hotels on the journey; spent a night crossing the North Sea, taken about eight small steamers, a few large ferry boats, and one motor boat on various cruises, and travelled through some fabulously beautiful country by train; then has come home to a heap of mail, both at home and at the Study; has

had to untangle numerous gifts and purchases; undo and sort scores of folders, booklets and pictures of the journey, get seventeen rolls of film (36 slides to a roll) to the Kodak people for developing, straighten out that long-deserted two-room-and-bath apartment, and immediately sit down and "get out the Liberalist," is it any wonder that one should feel a bit dizzy, a bit hazy, and even sound a little incoherent? My poor little brains have tried to concentrate on so much scenery and so much history in a short space of time, squeezing in visits to fascinating shops in between, that I do not know when the total results will get sorted and filed in the proper recesses of that brain, or whether I shall ever be able to find them in those files afterward.

There are certain over-all impressions, such as the lovely, soft rolling countryside of Ireland, with its picturesque lakes and its Antrim Coast Road, the fun of Blarney Castle and the Jaunting Car rides. There were two good evenings at the theatre, also, while in Ireland, enjoying the ever delightful Abbey Players. On the seven-day tour through the countryside of Ireland we were a busload of people who stayed together for the entire tour. The majority of our group were from England. We had the most engaging tour leader for those seven days; a young man of perhaps 30 or 35 years of age; an Irish gentleman who was a marvelous entertainer with an excellent singing voice. When we were very quiet he would ask how many were sleeping. If we protested that we were wide awake, he would break into song and entertain us with both song and stories. This, of course, was between historic stops, when we were mainly admiring the scenery only. When he sang familiar songs the busload joined in, and we had a jolly time.

At the Great Southern Hotel in Killarney, where we stayed for several nights, I met Vera K. Williams, R.M.S., a portrait painter, from London. R.M.S. is the famous Royal Miniature Society to which only sixty members belong throughout the whole world. To this society belongs Violet Beatrice Wenner, whose portrait of Dr. Bradley hangs in Anderson Hall.

I met many interesting people on this vacation abroad. One whom I shall mention, B. Farvar, M.D., from Teheran, Iran. He had been in this country a few years now, and is married to a beautiful Georgia girl, whose

LOVE WILL OUTWATCH THE STARS

After Edwin Markham, the noted poet and author of *The Man With the Hoe*, had lost his fortune by bad investments, there stirred within his soul a spirit of resentment. But realizing that the man who hates hurts himself more than he does the other fellow, he became certain that there was no safety except in love.

"Love will outwatch the stars," he said, and so on that particular afternoon his resentment subsided, the philosophy of his life returned, and in a flash, on a sheet of paper, he had inscribed two circles. One was a diagram of all that wisdom which years had brought; the other, a brief, inspiring allegory, subtle but clear, a terse summation of religious and human faith, all embracing love. These four lines have come to be the best-known quatrain in the world:

He drew a circle that shut me out—
Heretic, rebel, a thing to flout;
But Love and I had the wit to win:
We drew a circle that took him in.

picture he showed me. They have a handsome baby daughter. He was on a tour of foreign hospitals. On the steamer from Larne, Ireland to Stranraer, Scotland, I met a group of ladies from Southern Rhodesia, Africa, on a Bowling League Tour of England, Ireland and Scotland. On one of my harbor trips at Stockholm I met two very pleasant ladies who were traveling with a group from Johannesburg, Africa. They had been born in Africa and loved it there. Somehow Africa didn't seem so far away, nor nearly so uncivilized as I had pictured it after this meeting.

I saw many Orientals in Copenhagen, one couple at the airport headquarters, buying English pocket editions. He wore western clothes, but she the traditional sari, and a tiny three-diamond studded ornament in her nose, much like a misplaced earring. She seemed to be the treasurer of the pair, at the moment at least, for from a large billfold she produced the money to pay for the pocket editions he was selecting.

On one of my bus tours I met a young Italian man from Ethiopia, who had won a year's scholarship at Harvard University. It was to take effect a year hence, so in the meantime his father had given him a trip around the Continent. Lucky young man to have such a father.

Then, while having our luncheon in a beautiful hotel on the Fairyland Tour, a young Prince of Afghanistan came in with another group who were doing the same tour but taking it in the opposite direction. We heard later through our lovely guide that he had held the hand of the young and fair guide of the other group all during the luncheon. She felt she had to be courteous to the members of her group, and to so important a visitor to her country. I wonder, though, if it did not somewhat hamper the business of eating. He was very handsome and was surrounded afterward by several representatives of the press.

We had an unusually pleasant group in our bus and the guides were wishing he might have been with our party, as there were some annoying children in his bus which made the guide's task a little difficult.

I have promised the Professional and Business Woman's Club to give an illustrated lecture on my trip, but as I consider the territory covered and the number of slides which I hope will turn out well, it seems more likely that it will be about three lectures rather than one.

As I viewed the town halls of Oslo and of Stockholm, I said to myself: "Oh, Mayor Daley and our forward-looking businessmen should see this; oh, I must tell Mayor Daley about this!" Never have I seen town halls to equal those two. Just wait until you see the slides I have of them. The palaces abroad and their castles are inherited from the past and we cannot duplicate those, but we could pattern after the town halls of Oslo and Stockholm.

The highlight of my trip will always be the Fjords of Norway. They are spectacular and stupendous and I have no words adequate to describe my impression of them. I felt as I travelled through them on many trips and tried to envision these monumental rocks coming up out of the deep, that surely this must have been the land where God stood when he ordered the land to appear. Amazingly enough, many of them are covered with trees—many with verdure and some with glaciers. I took a little steamer up to Faerland and then took a little old-fashioned bus for a short distance, until we were right

underneath two of the glaciers. As we neared one of them (the name is in my notes, which are not handy at the moment) I noticed that the stream coming from it was a narrow blue river—the water was actually blue. When I stood beneath the glacier, the edge of it was the beautiful blue of an ice-blue gown. I never thought about ice being blue before, but now I definitely know it is.

I was told that some of the fjords are 3,000 feet deep and the part that is above the water is 3,000 feet high. When I thought of this at Balestrand one day and looked out from the front of the hotel, the whole front of which was a window of glass, and saw a young man "rocking a boat" and then saw the young lady with him stand up and change from one end of the row boat to the other I shuddered; but of course one can drown in a bath tub as well as in 3,000 feet of water. However, 3,000 feet of depth is a bit more frightening to me. Of course this couple may have been Norwegians and perhaps had no fear of water. They are so surrounded by it everywhere that the children are compelled to learn swimming in the schools.

Our Fairy Tale Tour in Denmark was like a travelling university course on Denmark. We had the most charming and delightful woman guide on this tour of all the guides I had (and they were all excellent). She was perhaps 35 years of age, used excellent Oxford English, was thoroughly informed on every subject we could think to ask about. In addition she had a gleeful personality, with the glee always trying to show through. I shall never forget Gerda Tonder. In fact, I wrote a little verse about her which I gave her as the tour was ending, and which she seemed to appreciate very much. She really made Denmark very much alive to us. We often had a joke together—the whole busfull and Gerda herself. She was telling us about the clean little pigs in Denmark, and how they had developed pigs with four more ribs than ours —a very long pig. She then told us how clean they kept them and that they did not allow them out of the barn at all. She said they had to keep them very clean, because the law required that they keep their diaries clean. When we all laughed heartily, she said, "Wasn't that right?" We explained and she said there were two words which had always bothered her in English. They were "dairy" and "diary" and she didn't see why we had two words so nearly alike that meant something so different.

She took us into a Danish farm and we saw two very long mother pigs (sows, I should say, but you see I'm not much of a farmer), with eleven tiny baby pigs each, and they were all just as pink and clean as though they had come out of a bath tub. No wonder I am so fond of these little Danish hams!

Never have I had such a beautiful.

GRATITUDE

For sunlit hours and visions clear,
For all remembered faces dear,
For comrades of a single day,
Who sent us stronger on our way,
For friends who shared the year's long road,
And bore wtih us the common load,
For hours that levied heavy tolls,
But brought us nearer to our goals,
For insights won through toil and tears,
We thank the Keeper of the years.

—Clyde McGee

wonderful and enlightening trip as this one.

I wish I might have had a whole month in Copenhagen, for there was so much I wanted to see but had not the time for it. I did have such a lovely visit with Dr. Bradley's dear friends, the Rev. Thorvald Kierkegaardes. Mrs. Kierkegaarde invited me to supper on the afternoon I visited them, and "Goody," the daughter, had just returned from her vacation the night before, so I was fortunate in meeting all of them. We visited the beautiful church afterward, also the Study where hangs a portrait of the Rev. Christopher Janson who first brought Unitarianism to Denmark. Rev. Kierkegaard followed him in the ministry of his church and has been its minister since 1918. I saw the extensive library of Rev. Janson and the many writings of Rev. Kierkegaarde. I signed the register and noted many lines above where were the signatures of Dr. Bradley and Mrs. Judson, his sister, who had been there the latter part of July, before going to Paris.

I met two people who have relatives in Chicago and I have promised to telephone these relatives and shall do so the moment I have caught my breath.

And now I shall "catch my breath" and look into the Mail Bag.

* * *

Blessed Dr. Bradley:

Greetings from Colorado Springs! You know how beautiful it is here—but there's one sad note—we do not get your broadcasts out here, and I miss them more than I can say. However, The Liberalist is of great comfort. Enclosed please find check for the renewal in June.

Two years ago this coming October I was in Arlington Heights, Illinois. You gave voice to The Great Invocation from your pulpit broadcast at my request and the response was wonderful. As I told you then, there are many workers like myself who are sending this invocation all over the world and have been for many years. We are not asking anything for ourselves. We are trying to promote peace through prayer, since mankind in the physical realm has been able to create only discord and wars.

From the point of Light within the Mind of God
Let light stream forth into the minds of men.
Let Light descend on earth.
From the point of Love within the Heart of God
Let love stream forth into the hearts of men.
From the centre where the Will of God is known
Let purpose guide the little wills of men—
The purpose which the Master knows and serves.
From the center which we call the race of men
Let the Plan of Love and Light work out.
And may it seal the door where evil dwells.
Let Light and Love and Power restore the Plan on Earth.

June 9th is World Invocation Day. We'd be so grateful if you could find room for the Invocation in your broadcast. At any time it would help so much, since millions of people hear your broadcast.

I shall be in Arlington Heights by September. Oh, I'm looking forward to attending the Peoples Church again and feeling enriched by your God-inspired messages.

Sincerely,
Margaret Pettit,
411 Ridgewood Avenue,
Broadmoor,
Colorado Springs, Colorado

Dr. Bradley frequently reads this invocation, and always receives grateful comment from listeners when he

does so. We are happy for Mrs. Pettit in her early return to Arlington Heights and hope to meet her on her first return visit to the church.

* * *

On Park View Home stationery came this letter:
Dear Dr. Bradley:

We, of Park View Home, are very deeply grateful to you for your inspirational talk which you gave our residents. They enjoyed hearing you so much—they have been talking about it ever since. You reach them and they just love to hear and see you.

May God bless you and your family with continued good health, strength and happiness always. We will be looking forward to your next visit with us. Thank you very much.

Sincerely,
Esther Simon,
Recreational Director

* * *

Here is an interesting letter from New York City:
Dear Dr. Bradley:

Some winters ago, while a student in Chicago, and at the close of a period of my life where there was little faith, I had occasion to attend Peoples Church quite frequently.

Exactly what led me to your church I cannot recall. My recollection of the sermon topics and actual words you spoke is dim, but the contact with the infinite which was established through worship at Peoples Church has remained ever present. It must be a spiritual need present in every one of us which we many times seek to gratify unconsciously through pleasure seeking or other temporary means.

You fulfilled my spiritual needs, which without, although all the rest is abundant, life would have little meaning; and with, little else would be needed, although I have found that everything else follows.

May your ministry continue to be blessed with many, many more years of service in helping others through various phases of their lives upon this earth.

My deepest gratitude and respect.

Jack Bayer.

* * *

Following is a letter sent to Mr. Gage of Magikist, which he in turn sent to Dr. Bradley:
Dear Mr Gage:

This is to express my sincere appreciation for the opportunity you have given me, and many more like myself, to hear, every Sunday, that great and wonderful Pastor of The People's Church, Dr. Preston Bradley.

It is impossible for me to attend

My Neighbor's Roses

The roses red upon my neighbor's vine
Are owned by him, but they are also mine.
His was the cost, and his the labor, too,
But mine as well as his the joy, their loveliness to view.

They bloom for me and are for me as fair
As for the man who gives them all his care.
Thus I am rich because a good man grew
A rose-clad vine for all his neighbor's view.

I know from this that others plant for me,
And what they own my joy may also be;
So why be selfish when so much that's fine
Is grown for you upon your neighbor's vine?

—A. L. GRUBER

Sunday services at my own church, since I have a two-year-old son, who has lain on his back since birth, and whom I feed lying down. I am usually attending him in his quiet little room while I listen each Sunday, and the inspiration and strength I feel from listening to Dr. Bradley is just remarkable.

I have many friends of the Catholic faith who owe you thanks for sponsoring Bishop Sheen also, and I thank you in their behalf as well.

I sincerely hope you will continue to make this program possible. I understand that it would not be so but for your great kindness and generosity.

Thank you again and again.

Sincerely,

Mrs. Frank Gualtieri.

Dr. Bradley is always glad to hear of the effectiveness of the radio program, and we are grateful for our many radio friends.

* * *

We hope some of the friends of the Iflands will write them in response to the following letter which we publish:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

Received your usual letter at the closing of the church year, and it is always so good to hear from you and the Peoples Church!

This year has dragged for me, and yet it has flown, even though it has been quite overwhelming at times, with the various challenges we have had to meet.

We are grateful, though, that Mr. Ifland is out of the "walker," and is now able to get around to enjoy the yard, etc. Of course you know I am still confined to the use of the walker, so more than ever I miss getting out for a change of scenery, as we have to depend on someone else now to take us out once in a while.

It has been our daily prayer that Jack will be able to walk well enough to do the shopping and eventually to be able to drive around here, at least to attend to the various errands. It is so awful to be entirely dependent on others for that.

The church out here has been most kind. The ladies from one of the various "circles" have adopted me and I am remembered on so many different occasions, with plants, cards, etc., and an occasional visit. The pastor does not come as often as he did, but they do pray for us, which we know has sustained us and given us courage to carry on.

We are asking, dear friend and pastor, if you also will not remember us in your prayers. We are sorry not to be able to send the money to be used toward your many good projects this year. Perhaps at some later date we will again be able to contribute to causes dear to our hearts, but with the constant expenses of doctors and help here, we are compelled to cut down, as we have not had any income now for a year and a half—all expenses.

We are grateful for our home and the nice surroundings, good, moderate weather, etc., as we have read and heard of your long-drawn-out, cold and wet spring in Chicago.

We do hope that you and Mrs. Bradley have an enjoyable summer, even though it will be an active one. I am sure that is the way you are the happiest.

May God bless you and keep you, and bring you safely home again.

Our sincere love and best wishes,

Blanche and Jack Ifland.

P.S. Our greetings to Mrs. Harrison, and should she ever get out to California, we would so enjoy a visit from her!

* * *

KEEP — ON — THE — BEAM!

THE PEOPLES CHURCH

941 Lawrence Avenue

Sunday Morning Services (Opening Sunday, September 18th)
Broadcast by WLS.....11:00 a.m.

Sunday Evening Services (November to Easter)..... 7:00 p.m.

Junior Church, Anderson Hall (Opening Sunday, September 18th).....10:00 a.m.

Religious Inquiry Session for Adults, Anderson Hall.....10:00 a.m.

Choir rehearsals every Sunday. New members welcome..... 9:30 a.m.

Uptown Temple Club (single adults over 30) Sec., Mabel Snively
BUckingham 1-0416

Woman's Club: Opening Luncheon Monday, Sept. 26, at Holiday Lodge Restaurant, Marine Drive and Lawrence Ave. Dr. Bradley, Guest Speaker. Guest artists: Shirlee Chuessler, Soprano, and Lillian Larson, Contralto, of LaGrange, presenting "Moods in Melody." Reservations at Church Office, $3.00.....12:30 p.m.
(First regular meeting will be held Monday, Oct. 3)

Professional and Business Woman's Club will hold their opening meeting on Sunday afternoon, Oct. 9, in Anderson Hall..... 4:00 p.m.

The Men's Club will hold their opening meeting on September 27 with Dr. Bradley as guest speaker..... 8:00 p.m.

The Uptown Players, J. Bradley-Griffin, Founder-Director, *In Memoriam.*
Senior Girl Scout Troop No. 97, Tuesdays at 4249 Greenview Ave..... 7:00 p.m.
Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 187, every Thursday, Anderson Hall..... 7:00 p.m.
Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 860, every Thursday, Anderson Hall..... 3:30 p.m.

Dr. Bradley's Broadcasting Schedule

WBKB-TV, Channel 7, Daily, Monday through Friday..... 7:55 a.m.

WLS broadcasts the Sunday morning service.....11:00 a.m.

WCFL, Vesper Broadcast, every Sunday..... 5:45 p.m.

Subscription Coupon

The Peoples Church of Chicago,
941 Lawrence Avenue,
Chicago 40, Illinois

Please enter my subscription for THE LIBERALIST for One Year beginning with the current number. Enclosed find check . . . money order for $2.00

Name.....

Address.....

City.....**State**.....

Drake & Son

FUNERAL HOMES

5303 N. WESTERN AVE. Chicago

127 N.W. HIGHWAY PARK RIDGE

LOngbeach 1-6874

Completely Air Conditioned . . . Lighted Parking for All Cars

When patronizing our advertisers please mention "THE LIBERALIST"

OUR GRATITUDE TO MAGIKIST RUG CLEANERS

Magikist Services have carried two-thirds of the financial burden of the Sunday broadcast over WLS at 11 a.m. all during the season. This is the second season in which Magikist Services have thus supported the work of our church.

The latest report from radio station WLS shows that the 11 a.m. Sunday broadcast from The Peoples Church over WLS has the highest rating of any religious program originating in Chicago on any station at any hour.

For the great courtesy and support which Magikist Services extend to The Peoples Church, we express our deepest gratitude.

Preston Bradley

A friendly hint from a neighbor

A recent nationwide study conducted by the Central Automobile Safety Committee of Kemper Insurance revealed that seven out of ten persons killed or injured in traffic accidents are innocent victims of law-violating drivers.

Here's a tip that may save lives, perhaps your own: KNOW and OBEY traffic laws and DEMAND and SUPPORT strict and impartial enforcement of realistic traffic laws.

Lumbermens Mutual Casualty Co.

A Division of
KEMPER Insurance

Chicago 40